

THE PACIFIC

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Fac Theo Sem
Reading Room

AN EVENING PRAYER.

To-night I lay the burden by,
As one who rests beside the road,
And from his wearied back unbinds
The whelming load.

I kneel by hidden pools of prayer—
Still waters fraught with healing power;
In God's green pastures I abide
This longed-for hour.

I know that day must bid me face
Courageously my task again,
Serving with steady hand and heart
My fellow-men.

To hold my sorrow in the dark,
To fight my fear, to hide my pain,
And never for one hour to dream
The toil is vain—

This be to-morrow; now, to-night,
Great, pitying Father, I would be
Forgiven, uplifted, loved, renewed,
Alone with Thee.

—Grace Duffield Goodwin.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Sixteen nationalities are represented in a church in one of the manufacturing parts of the city of Chicago. There are only two American families connected with it. Others are Swiss, Poles, Hungarians, Italians, Belgians, Hollanders, Norwegians, Swedes, French, German, Irish, Scotch, Welsh and English.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox gushes over single tax as follows: "I personally believe that the mission of Henry George on earth was that of one of the saviors of the world. I believe that his 'Progress and Poverty' is one of the books of holy writ. I believe that in the single tax lies the solution of every problem which confronts our industrial world today."

The last legislature in the state of Washington enacted a law against tipping. It is made a penal offense for employes of public houses or public service corporations to accept tips and for the patrons of such places to give them. It is to be hoped that the law will prove effectual, and that other states will be led to similar enactments. The tipping nuisance is one of the great nuisances of the day.

Now that Long Beach people have decided again and again that they want no liquors dispensed even at meals in hotels, the magnificent Hotel Virginia at that place is to be opened once more, and run in accordance with their wishes. And we believe with the temperance people of Long Beach who have stood nobly by their guns that the hotel can be conducted successfully without the dispensing therein of liquors at meals.

There are at present in the high schools and colleges of Japan two hundred and forty thousand young men. It is estimated that within ten years ninety per cent of the positions of influence and responsibility will be occupied by these young men. It is worthy of note that ex-President Grant at the time of his trip around the world declared that the Japanese school system was the best then in existence.

The Chicago Record Herald tells of a meeting in Chicago which it is hoped may pave the way for a general federated religious movement with that city as headquarters. The desire is to bring about a new religious era in which

the same economic principles which built up commercial prosperity may be adapted to religious work. Thirty-three denominations are to be represented in the movement. May God speed the day of its establishment and of its successful operation!

The baccalaureate sermon at the University of California by the Rev. Charles R. Brown of Oakland received considerable applause from time to time as he was delivering it in the Greek Theater on the University grounds, and has been highly commended since then in the press and otherwise. The Oakland Enquirer says: "The address ought to be published in full by the University of California and given the widest circulation. The University can engage in no more worthy and important educational work than in giving the widest currency to such sentiments as those expressed by Mr. Brown in this baccalaureate sermon." The sermon was a powerful plea for universal peace, for such a stand on the part of the great nations of the world as would do away with the vast expenditures for armaments. Mr. Brown based his discourse on two passages of Scripture, "His name shall be called the Prince of Peace," and "He shall reign forever and ever." Believing that ministers are recreant to duty who do not say to the nations of the world in this day and age of its history as the Prince of Peace said long ago to one of his followers, "Put up thy sword," Mr. Brown improved the opportunity afforded him on a great occasion and struck hard at the folly of war. The sermon, it is said, is being printed in pamphlet form, and will be on sale in a few days.

An historical church, the old Vine Street Congregational Church, in Cincinnati, Ohio, is to be torn down, and a theater will be built on the lot on which it stands. The Western Christian Advocate speaks of the church as follows: "The congregation was organized in 1831, when certain members of the old First Presbyterian Church became dissatisfied because of the pro-slavery sentiments of the brotherhood. With a change in politics there soon came a change in theology, and resulted in the members subscribing to the Congregational canons. In its day it was one of the terminals of the so-called underground railway system organized by Levi Coffin, a Cincinnatian and member of the church. Slaves on their way to the North and freedom were not infrequently harbored in the pastor's study, to await an opportune time for their transmission to safe territory. It is possibly the oldest of the down-town Protestant churches in the Queen City. But how different has been the recent spirit of that church! The pastor, at the parting service, said, among other things: 'I would rather have a man believe in single tax than in the doctrine of the Trinity.' That sentence tells the entire story. There was really no need to continue its existence as a religious organization. To call it a church was a misnomer. We have attended services there when no reference to Christ was heard from one end of the exercises to the other. Selections of an inspirational character were painted on the wall panels, but not one was from the Bible. Their hymn-book almost completely eliminated Christ, and if an old tune was used, there was care taken that it should be accompanied with modern words embodying 'brotherhood,' etc. The words, 'Vine Street Church,' chiseled deep over the arch of the entrance, was all that was left to remind the passing or entering public of what once stood there. The organization had resolved itself into a social and political body, and spent its time in championing political reforms—a splendid work, and one that should legitimately grow out of a well-

organized religion, but hardly the prime reason for a church's existence. The church had ceased to be a place for people who yearned to appease a soul-hunger. It was then they sold out to a theater. The religious life of Cincinnati will hardly be affected by the transfer."

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The Annual Meeting.

The twenty-third annual meeting was held in the First Congregational Church, of Long Beach, May 3-5.

The meeting was opened by a service of praise led by the moderator, the Rev. Geo. L. Soper, of Pomona.

The attendance was large from beginning to end, and the feeling general that the meeting marked an epoch in Southern California Congregationalism.

The work of the board of directors in the inauguration of the new system was approved, and a committee of seven persons was appointed to make such revisions in the constitution as might seem desirable during the year. In harmony with this action it was decided that no steps should be taken to disincorporate the Home Missionary Society this year.

The leaving of the new plan of organization open for revision for one year, quieted the little opposition there was to it, and opened up the way for the most earnest and hearty working during that time of methods, which it is generally believed will greatly strengthen our Southern California Congregationalism.

Without exception the churches expressed a willingness to make a most determined effort to raise the amounts apportioned to them.

Taking the National Council apportionment, \$15,000 was added for the Southern California Home Missionary work, and \$7,288 as a contingent fund.

This will necessitate the raising of \$48,638. The aim is to get each resident member to contribute at least ten cents a week. If this is realized, or an average of that amount, considerable more than the required amount will be brought into the treasury. Should that amount only be raised, it will be possible to advance the salary of every home missionary pastor to \$900, after paying all administration expenses and to the different societies the amounts heretofore named.

Superintendent Dorland enters on the work with much enthusiasm, as does also the Rev. John L. Maile, for many years the highly efficient and greatly beloved home missionary superintendent, and who now takes the work of pastor-at-large.

In a review of the work of the past forty-four years in Southern California, looking on into the future, Mr. Maile said that it was with much inspiration that he looked ahead, for it seemed that great things were coming to pass religiously in Southern California. Although he believed that they were taking the right step, a step in advance, yet he remarked that he would rather be known in heaven as a home missionary superintendent than in any other way, for the name had the very blood of heaven in it, and it was sanctified by eighty years of Congregational history.

Speaking of the apportionment plan Mr. Maile said: "We make a request to the good will of our churches for a certain amount of money." As for himself he remarked that he would enjoy the feeling that he was contributing every week to each of the benevolent societies.

It was not surprising, after Mr. Dorland had in an able manner presented the new plan, had answered the many questions with reference thereto, and had made it evident that he and Mr. Maile, working hand in hand and heart to heart, would lend every energy for its successful working,—it was not surprising then that it met with general approval.

Among those speaking in its support was secretary Wikoff, of the Church Building Society, who remarked that it commended itself by the revelation it makes of our solidarity. "Whatever we may have been in the past, it is evident that we are going to pull together hereafter. Just what we do in the local church we are attempting to do now among the churches. It is a great movement and will be watched in all parts of the country." Referring to the words of the Rev. Mr. Seccombe, of Santa Ana, at the banquet the previous evening,—the words, "The Congregational Church of Southern California," Mr. Wikoff remarked that he had never heard it that way before, but that it was one of the promising signs of the times in Congregationalism.

We note now some of the literary features of the program. Although much time had to be given to business there were papers and address in considerable number. We print this week in *The Pacific*, one which received a great deal of commendation, that by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Williams, of Redlands, on "Evangelism from the Standpoint of the New Theology."

The paper by the Rev. A. E. Johnson of Monrovia, was a sturdy plea for evangelistic fervor. On this it was said the church had always lived, and the present moral and spiritual inertia was regarded as a challenge to the church to give evangelism its proper place.

The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, of Los Angeles, showed that the increasing enrichment of the services of the sanctuary in a liturgical way is adding much to the value of those services, and that whatever can be done to expand the devotional life of the church ought to be done.

The Rev. T. E. Watt, of Oil Center, speaking on methods in rural communities, indicated how our generous polity allows us to construct church life in accord with the special demands.

The Rev. Geo. Robertson, of Mentone, gave some touching experiences in the ministries which are his in a parish in a region to which many invalids come. One could not listen to such experiences without feeling that to thus minister to the needs of mankind is indeed worth while.

How helpful and how appropriate the Protestant pastor in the sick room of the Roman Catholic girl, and in her dying hours bringing to her the comfort of the Christian faith in the manner in which the Catholic father would have brought it!

In "The Call of the Church for Men of Today," the Rev. George Irving of Claremont emphasized the teaching function of the church and dwelt on the demand there is for men in the work of the Sunday-school.

Judge Wilbur, of Los Angeles, set forth the importance to the nation in being guided not only by Christian principles, but by Christian men.

Speaking of the mission of the Congregational Brotherhood, Mr. John P. Fiske, of Redlands said that it was to get men to work to the end that Christ's kingdom might be everywhere advanced. It is a call not to pleasure nor to profit, but to service. It is for the Brotherhood to show that there are problems in the realm of the church big enough for the brainiest men. To this end it must discuss men's problems, must meet and attack men's difficulties.

One of the sessions drawing the largest attendance was that at which the Emmanuel Movement was considered.

Dr. Woodruff, a Long Beach physician, said that disease is foreign to man's original make-up; that man was not created to be sick; that he is sick because he disregards law. The doctor attributed all sickness to a departure of cell vibration from the normal key, due to starved cells—man being simply a mass of vibrating cells. Properly feed these cells with food and sunlight, and they will be brought to that which is normal.

The thought further was that man is subject to the laws of nature just as other creations are, and that if ignorant or negligent he has no right to expect God to supply deficiencies in any miraculous way. Nor can this be remedied by mental suggestion to any appreciable extent.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Day told of his study of the Emmanuel Movement and of his conclusion that it was not for him as a minister to do badly what others are trained to do well. Yet he recognized the Movement as one fraught with considerable good.

The Rev. Dr. Thorpe, of San Diego, showed how this Movement enabled the minister to get into people's lives and reconstruct them. In this connection he remarked that he was not afraid to call sin a form of sickness. Telling of some of his efforts to help people by means of psychotherapy, it was said that it had been disclosed therein that in the good Old Book there are more thoughts of potency and real power than in all that New Thought has ever made known.

The Rev. Charles H. Secombe, of Santa Ana, speaking on "Congregationism and Religious Education of the Young," made a strong plea for a stand for an intelligent piety, and for orderly business methods in religious education. Christian nurture, it was shown, was only begun, when the individual was brought to Christ.

The Rev. Dr. Hughes, of the First Methodist Church, of Pasadena, gave an address on "Jesus Christ the Reformer," in which emphasis was laid on the fact that Jesus dealt with individuals and not with institutions, and that only in the reformation of the individual is there any permanent method of reform.

The annual sermon was given by the Rev. S. G. Emerson, of San Diego, on the words of Christ, "I am among you as one that serveth." Christ's example of service was shown to be the key to real greatness. Heaven is where service is. If we are not saved to service Mr. Emerson remarked that he did not know for what we were saved. Of what value or profit is holiness or anything else if it is not to be put to use? With apt illustration was it shown that there is nothing in the universe that exists for nothing, that the law of service runs through all, applies to all, even to the dust under our feet.

Pomona College as usual was at the front one evening, at which time the messages from students and professors and officers drew the hearts of all anew to this educational institution long dear to Southern California Congregationism.

The Rev. Dr. Loba, of Pasadena, was selected as preacher for next year.

Tribute was paid to a worthy man when in the course of his remarks one day Superintendent Maile spoke of the work of the Rev. H. B. Case of the Sunday-school society as "A magnificent, abiding work, carried on for nearly twenty years."

On the new plan the work which Mr. Case has been doing will be attended to by the Conference superintendent, and the pastor-at-large.

The Editor of the Pacific had as usual hearty welcome at the conference, and in various ways there was recognition of the value of the service rendered by the paper.

The hospitality of the Long Beach people was unstinted, and the meeting passes into history as one of marked value to the churches of Southern California.

ATTITUDE OF CONGREGATIONALISM TO MODERN EVANGELISM.

From the Standpoint of the New Theology.

By J. H. Williams, D.D.

[A paper read at the annual meeting of the Southern California Conference of Congregational Churches, at Long Beach, May, 3-5, 1909.]

We all love the word evangelism. It expresses the mission of the Christian church, directly committed to it by our Lord. We should have no other interest in the present discussion than to try to find out the best methods by which to evangelize the world. There are two or three things which should be said by way of preface or introduction to my theme.

One is that during the last forty or fifty years we have come into a new atmosphere of thought and life. One of our most thoughtful men has recently said, "Fully one-half the problems the modern minister has to meet are absolutely new. The whole temper of man's thinking has changed. Our intellectual horizons have been enlarged. A new social conscience and a new ethics have come into being. The emphasis in religion has changed from the metaphysical and doctrinal to the ethical and practical."

The leading theological seminaries of our country have risen to meet these changed conditions. Yale, Andover, Chicago, Union have courses of study today entirely new to those of us who were in the seminary thirty years ago. They are laying great stress on sociological studies, and such men as Graham Taylor of Chicago, Hall of Union, Bailey of Yale and Peabody of Harvard are training young men to go out and meet these changed conditions.

Another thing needs, perhaps to be said, and that is, Constructive New Theology has not disturbed a single fundamental teaching of our Christian faith. "O, but it has," one says. What? "The inspiration of the Scriptures." Its reply to this is, "It has very likely disturbed your definition of inspiration, and shown the claim for the infallibility of the Scriptures on all matters to be utterly untenable, but the Bible as the channel through which flows the mighty stream of religious and spiritual life it has not disturbed." "The atonement," says another. "Yes, your theory of the atonement it may have disturbed, but has not the closer study and greater intimacy with the life and character and work of Jesus Christ made it more and more difficult to confine that great theme within any theory? Have you not felt that the governmental theory was too mechanical, the substitutional theory too narrow, the moral theory too shallow—any theory too small to tell the story of how Jesus Christ saves men from materialism, selfishness and sin? Are we not drawn more and more from the dogmatic teachings on this subject of the old theology back to Jesus' own words—'And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me'? And 'I am come that ye might have life, and might have it more abundantly'?"

And one other thing I wish to say by way of introduc-

tion: By New Theology in this discussion is meant, I take it, not the utterances of any extremist, not what any one man like Campbell of London may have given utterance to, but that which is common to the leading teachers and preachers of progressive thought: men like Washington Gladden, President King, Kent of Yale, Brown of Oakland, and Geo. A. Gordon of Boston, acknowledged leaders in constructive religious thought. What now is the attitude of constructive New Theology towards evangelism? We answer in a word, that towards an evangelism which recognizes the changed conditions of life and thought under which we are now living; its attitude is most hospitable and tender. And what are the characteristics of such an evangelism. This is what I shall attempt to state.

1. This evangelism lays emphasis on the real Christ—the **real Christ** in distinction from the **theological Christ**. I mean, too, Christ in distinction from Augustine and Calvin and Edwards, men who reflected the times when they lived, who spoke to the age; and as thought moved more slowly then, many of them spoke to centuries. But we must not fail to recognize the fact that their language is not the language of today, that they are out of touch with twentieth century thought and spirit. There is a growing conviction among careful observers and students of human life that the charge against the present generation that it is irreligious, materialistic, unresponsive is an unjust one. The conviction is growing that the church has in a large measure been out of touch with the men of today; it has not spoken their language. If we had given them Christ—the Christ of Galilee, of the Bethany home, of the Samaria well-side, the center of the people on the street and in the market place, the Christ who taught us to pray "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done **on earth**, who offers to come into our human, earthly lives with a health and peace and joy that makes this life worth living, the Christ who died for the principles and truths for which he stood, and by his resurrection put to flight the whole black horde of fears which had surrounded the grave—if we had given them this Christ we should then have given the true test of the attitude of men towards religion.

I have sat in so-called evangelistic meetings, have conscientiously supported by my presence and efforts the work of an evangelist, silently saying to myself, "O that is not Christ, that is not the gospel! It may be good Calvinism, but it is not the spirit of my heavenly Father, nor of Jesus Christ his Son. I have seen children frightened, women unnerved, men excited; but I have seen thoughtful men and women look pained and troubled, and I have felt that the gulf between sober thought and the church was being widened. The new evangelism emphasizes the Christ of the Gospels. It does not demand of men, as was once so persistently done, that they assent to some theological dogma concerning Christ; but it rather asks, "Has Christ come into your life, revealing the possibilities of our human nature, and as a revelation of the great heart of God towards humanity." Has he come into your life also showing the crime to one's own soul of allowing sin to deaden the moral sense and sap the very springs of spiritual life? It does not lay so much stress on what one's intellectual creed is about Christ as it does on what Christ really is to the heart and life.

2. The new evangelism lays great emphasis on **Christian nurture, and religious education**. Christian nurture, a thought before the church is at least as old as Dr. Bush-

nell; and religious education is as old as Robert Raikes; but these two terms have taken on new and fresh meanings in recent years. Religious education has assumed national proportions, and is engaging the attention of statesmen, educators and public officials. The Sunday-school has not only been divided into departments, such as senior, intermediate, and primary, but classes are organized, schools are rapidly being graded, and a progressive, systematic course of instruction is being entered upon, leading a pupil on through successive courses from the infant class up to college grade. Not satisfied with this, the Cradle Roll has come to the front, enlisting the mothers in the religious training of their children from the age of a few days to nine and ten years. What is all this doing? Bringing in the day when what we may call the old evangelism will be outgrown and impossible. Many of the old interpretations of Scripture will be meaningless and empty to a new generation thus instructed. Young men and young women, thus taught, grounded in the principles of modern interpretations of the Scripture, go into our colleges and universities without shock or danger to their Christian lives from the teachings of modern science and philosophy. Two young men were coming out of the lecture room in one of our universities. One of them said to the other, "If we believe what we are hearing in the lecture room we shall have to give up our Bibles and our religion." "Why so?" replied his companion. "This is along the line of what I have been getting in my church and Sunday-school at home for years; and the Bible and Jesus Christ were never so much to me as they are now."

The Old Theology runs a tremendous risk in sending its boys and girls out into a world that has outgrown its dogmas. Constructive New Theology follows an interpretation of Scripture that welcomes light from every quarter, commends itself to the reason and judgment and conscience of men, and also gives to its young people the attractive Christ of the Gospels rather than the Christ of theology.

3. The new evangelism emphasizes the betterment of social conditions—the making of this world a healthier, safer, better place to live. It recognizes the fact that society is made up of individuals, each of whom is to be reached by the gospel; but it also recognizes the fact that improving the social conditions makes it easier to save the individual. And so the new evangelism is concerning itself with all those great questions connected with social betterment, from purifying the slums of our great cities to the giving of a wider outlook to the farmers of the country.

Out of the interest in bettering the conditions of things on this earth have sprung naturally those wide movements which are concerned with the physical well-being and mental peace, and spiritual health of people. These movements have not caught the constructive New Theology unawares, and at a loss to know what to do with them. They have been in its line, a part and parcel of its message to the world. Not simply to make a better man, but to make a better community; not simply to make better individuals but to make a better world is the aim of the new evangelism. This evangelism concerns itself with everything connected with the welfare of men, physically, intellectually and spiritually. When a community has a continuously high death rate the evangel to that community does not content itself with preaching submission to an overruling Providence, but examines the sources of its water supply, the drainage, the sewer system, the general surroundings. This

is a large task, but it is a splendid phase of Christianity that is today facing it. One has recently said, "The work of re-interpreting the gospel of Jesus Christ in the language of the twentieth century, and of applying its principles to the development of our complex civilization is gigantic, but it is one our twentieth century Christians are courageously facing."

4. The new evangelism lays great stress upon **character**; not simply souls but **soul**; not simply characters but **character**. Look back over your ministry, brethren, of a series of years, and tell me what has brought to you the greatest satisfaction—what looks the most pleasing in the retrospect. Tell me also what has caused you the most anxiety and pain. I have been glancing back over my own ministry, and have been asking myself these questions. The answers are not long in coming. I had an early ambition to show a long list of names added to my church roll, and this ambition has been gratified from time to time. I have worked with nearly all the prominent evangelists either in the East or Middle West or in California; but the results upon which I look back with profound gratitude are the characters developed, the lives built up into symmetry and strength, the building, block by block of the living stones into the temple of God. The experiences which have been painful and wearing have been the coming in of large numbers like the tide, only to go out like the tide. Caught in the hypnotic spell which some impassioned orator has flung around them, enthused by the crowds and the music they have come into the church, only to find that religion did not consist in oratory, shouting and music, but in growth, in life, and in service. And so they have slipped away. There may not have been any act calling for discipline, and so they remain in the church but not of it. The new evangelism says there are wiser, saner, diviner methods of work—methods which have in view the development of soul.

O the delight of this kind of work! Nothing on earth equals it—the sight of souls expanding, characters growing, lives taking on elements of beauty and usefulness.

But a pastor says as he looks over his field, There are people here I am not reaching. They do not come to hear me. My church is not touching them. I must have an evangelist just sensational enough to excite their curiosity, then get attention, then bring many of them to a decision. And the result? All that he expected. I appeal from that first communion Sunday, when he took in that most gratifying number to five years from then. In nine cases out of ten the pastor has gone, and has left it for his successor to search the pastures for the missing sheep, revise the roll, and gather together the feeble flock to begin a new pastorate.

There are wiser ways—ways that enable us to keep our self respect, look intelligent men and women in the face, and place our churches in an attitude to command the respect of all good people. Towards such methods we are moving, slowly, but surely. The best days the church has ever known are ahead of us. It is taking hold of the problems of life to-day with a clearer understanding and a firmer grip. If I have any regret in connection with the ministry, it is this that I was not born a generation later.

If I were a young man to-day the ministry would be my choice. Its opportunities are unexampled in the history of the world. With the equipment which our universities and seminaries are now giving young men ministers can go to their work fitted to face and solve the complex problems of this century. And conservative, constructive new theology is taking the lead in this great work.

TRUE AND FALSE HUMILITY.

By Rev. James Mudge, D.D.

Both kinds exist. The importance of distinguishing them needs no argument. In proportion to the preciousness of the one must be the perniciousness of the other. False humility disgusts and disables as much as true humility attracts and ennobles. The two are confused in the minds of very many to their exceeding great injury. Few things have been more misunderstood than humility and meekness. Many appear to think that they mean inferiority and insignificance, the counting ourselves in all respects vile and useless. They assume that the humble man will crawl and cringe, will be bashful and timorous and unambitious; that he will make himself and call himself a worm, will court obscurity and obloquy, and seek to be despised, down-trodden, and forgotten. Some saintly men, strong as well as good, would seem to have fallen into this foolishness. The Baron de Renty said: "If I were to wish anything, it would be to be treated as an offscouring by men." The biographer of John Fletcher says: "He took pleasure in being little and unknown." Such examples have tended to obscure and pervert the right ways of the Lord in this matter. They have gone far to turn a beautiful virtue into an abominable vice, or at least a weakness and a disfigurement. Is there no such thing as an honest self-respect? Cannot one be servant of all without being servile to all? Is it obligatory for us to abdicate our manhood and practice deceit upon ourselves and knowingly falsify our real position? Are we any the better for shutting our eyes to simple and unquestioned facts? Most certainly not.

True humility is the pearl and crown of a shining, symmetrical Christian character. Its loveliness is only equaled by its rarity. Nothing is more beautiful, nothing more essential. Like an artesian well, the deeper the boring the fuller the flow. Like the caissons of a bridge pier, we must sink lower and lower till we reach bed rock before a noble and lofty structure can safely be reared. Like the tree, the farther down go the roots the higher and broader may spread the branches. Only he that humbleth himself can be truly and safely exalted. All agree that the holiest Christians are the humblest, even as the branches that bear the most fruit bend the lowest and the ship most laden sinks deepest.

Humility, that low, sweet root

From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

But putting aside figures of speech, which are often misleading, and speaking with prosaic preciseness, just what is true humility? We do not believe it can be better defined than by saying: Perfect humility is that disposition which leads to and proceeds from a correct estimate of ourselves; or, in other words, a perfect willingness to be rated exactly as we deserve. It does not require us to underrate ourselves and so spoil our efficiency for work. It certainly forbids us to overrate ourselves or think of ourselves more highly than we ought. An unveiled, candid consciousness of our defects and imperfections will make this latter impossible. If we ought to think highly in some respects, because the truth absolutely demands it, then so to think is not pride. To violate the truth is never anything but evil, and cannot be good either for ourselves or those about us. A view of our own attainments which is amply borne out by solid, well-ascertained facts is not contrary to humility, even though that view gives us a comparatively high rank among men. A very synonym for humility is sober-mindedness. (Rom. xii. 3.) It is a calm, temperate, dispassionate meas-

urement of one's own powers, one's capacities and faculties—a just estimate of one's own worth, together with the temper of mind and heart usually connected with such a valuation. Pride is simply inordinate self-esteem, an over-valuation of self, the being swollen with a vain conceit of unreal endowments.

If it be asked how we can arrive at this right estimate of self and avoid the mistakes either on the one side or the other so extremely common, our reply would be: Simply by accepting God's estimate. His valuation cannot fail to be correct. How can we know what it is? It will be revealed in his providential dealings with us. Wherever he assigns us, there is our true place. It may be a much lower place than we had been expecting or than we thought we deserved. Never mind that. It is the place which for the time belongs to us. If pride still lingers within us, we shall more or less decidedly resent it and manifest a discontented spirit. If we are perfectly humble, we shall unhesitatingly and joyfully receive it. Obedience, then, is the test of humility.

The humble man prefers others in honor, puts them forward wherever he can conscientiously, because, being unselfish, he thinks more of giving them pleasure than of taking it himself. He esteems others in some respects better than himself because he fixes his mind upon those aspects of their character most creditable to them, puts the best construction possible upon their actions, and ascribes to them the best motives he can. He remembers that he is not a competent judge of his own qualifications because he sees plainly that other people are not so in their own cases, and he thinks it altogether probable that he has similar infirmities and partialities. He seeks not great things for himself, and desires not glory from men, understanding well its worthlessness and feeling that to do so would be contrary both to the precept and example of his Master.

The popular thought that humility and lowliness have much in common is not, after all, so far astray—in spite of what we have said about its intimate connection with truthfulness—because our true place before God is a very low one in view of our unfaithfulness, and also because our true place among men is a far lower one, as a rule, than we like to think. It is in every way wise to rate our duties high, our rights and merits low; we shall stand a better chance to get them correct than by any other proceeding. A feeling of our absolute self-insufficiency is the one thing necessary to make available the all-sufficiency of Christ. To love to be unknown is not necessary, provided we heartily love God's will even when it means obscurity. If we are really the Lord's and have given up calling ourselves our own, we can accept our insignificance joyfully; for it is wholly God's affair what becomes of us, whether or not we are useful or important. There is need of care that we do not take satisfaction in our virtues or count them as really our own; that way lies pride. We should also be very guarded in letting our mind dwell on what other people say or think of us; there is danger in it to our simplicity, humility, and quietness of spirit.

Patience and meekness are twin sisters of humility, because he who is properly humble and thoroughly conversant with his own faults will regard himself as deserving all the mortifications that come to him, and will not be disposed to resent them. He will give soft answers to rough questions and soothing replies to insulting remarks because keenly conscious of his own great need that this treatment be meted out to him. Humility and happiness are also very closely related. For he who takes low views of his

merits will be thankful for small mercies, and he who is always thankful is always happy. Nor is humility, as we have tried to make it clear, in any way incompatible with magnanimity or great-mindedness, the undertaking of large things for God. Let us be very sure it is for God and not for self.

Bishop Phillips Brooks well said: "It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything. The latter folly supposes that God exhausted himself when he made you; but the former supposes that God made a hopeless blunder when he made you, which it is quite as impious for you to think." An overthought of self is of the nature of pride. A quatrain from the Persian neatly expresses this:

In proud humility a pious man went through the field.
The ears of corn were bowing in the wind as if they kneeled.
He struck them on the head and modestly begun to say.
"Unto the Lord, not unto me, such honors should you pay."

Decidedly the best thing to do, if we would cultivate humility, is to shake off this poisoning self-consciousness, this oversense of our own personality, to forget self by becoming absorbed in the desire to serve God and bless our fellow-men. One of the best tests of humility is the cheerful service of the lowest and most helpless sufferers among our fellows, coupled with a cheerful obedience to every direction of our God and Father.

In the deed that no man knoweth,
Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
Where he may not reap who soweth—
There, Lord, let my heart serve thee.
Malden, Mass.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, OR A STUDY IN CHRISTIAN UNITY.

By Sydney Strong.

I take it that unity is a thing to be greatly desired in religion. The public schools afford a conspicuous example in education of what might be accomplished in religion.

Within the state there are three principal social institutions, the home, the church, the school. In America they show signs of disintegration and decay. The church also shows signs of weakness and discouragement. It is neither what it ought to be; nor, in position and power what it has been. It is not that religion is less esteemed, but that the church, the organized expression of religion, has lost power over men from divisions, narrowness, and from attending to anise and cummin and omitting the weightier matters.

Of the three institutions—the home, the church, the school—the school is conspicuous for its recent marvelous growth, its virility, its universal popularity and the promise it gives for the future. In this generation, while the home and church have hardly held their own, as social forces, we may thank God, that the public schools have largely made up the social loss, and have added a magnificent asset to their own account. I am in the church because I believe in it. But today I am glad to stand before this great institution and acknowledge my own personal indebtedness, and to say that the public school system is the greatest argument, as model and object lesson, for Christian unity.

The public school was born out of the necessities of

the home. The school teacher is a second parent who is able to do some things better than the original parents. The church at first had the education of the children in her hands. But the church lost this opportunity, because of internal dissensions and incompetency. In Protestant lands, like England, in Roman Catholic lands, like the republics of South and Central America, education is being taken out of the hands of the clergy. It has not been through hostility to religion. It has been found that the state can do it better.

The growth of the school system in America has been little short of miraculous. Hardly more than 100 years old, it is today universal and deeply rooted in the affections of all the people, who gladly tax themselves for their schools. It is as universal as the postoffice. There are entire sections of our cities where it is the one conspicuous moral force. It is the great grist-mill that digests our immigrants. The nation would break down in a generation were it not for our public schools.

The great personal force is the teacher. A visit to a Teacher's Convention reveals a body of earnest, devoted workers, second to no other body in point of intellectual and moral character. What is more, the personnel of the teacher craft is all the time improving.

The public schools have saved our Republic from ignorance and therefore from destruction. An ignorant people can never be self-governing. Intelligence and good citizenship have always gone hand in hand. Intelligence is necessary for the making of a Christian city.

I have a great personal regard for the public schools. Outside my immediate home circle the school teacher was the greatest force that ever entered my life. I can give the names of the teachers who woke me up, or gave me the idea of the value of truth and honesty, or pointed my ambition, or made me conscious that I ought to live for others. The public school teacher stands next to the parent as a personal formative influence in the making of American manhood.

This leads me to say that our public schools are a tremendous religious force. In a real and vital sense they are one of the bulwarks of the religious life. They take the children by the hand and gently lead them along by easy stages, revealing what things should be known, cautioning them against evil, introducing them to the wise and good of all ages, fortifying them for future endeavor, holding before them exalted examples—doing it five days in the week, forty weeks in the year—if this is not religious power, what is it? They visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, by caring for the fatherless and raising up support for the widow. There are thousands of school teachers who agonize over wayward boys, who consult parents and friends in the interest of their pupils, who study a child as carefully as a physician, who pour out soul energy for the sake of their children.

I regard the public schools as a tremendous prayer force in the city. Prayer is more than words. There is more prayer without words than with. Prayer is a social effort or process which has for its end the establishment of a wider self. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small." The highest prayer is when the self is in full union with God, like the prayer of our Lord, when he said, "Thy will be done." But it is a long road up to this supreme social relation. Leading up to it are thousands of little steps. Whoever helps us to enlarge our world and widen our self, so as to include others, has in-

creased our prayer life. When one learns that it is more blessed to give than receive he has enlarged himself and increased his prayer capacity. When one learns that whoever loses his life shall find it, he has approached one step nearer God. It is in the real prayer life that the public schools are exceedingly effective. The teacher is ever enlarging the self of the child. The teacher enjoins thought for the birds and other animals, for all created things and persons; thought for the aged and crippled. The teacher is seeking to incite in her pupils the joy of service for others. The teacher is ever assisting the prayer process by helping the pupils to establish an ever-widening self.

I regret that our teachers can not go further, that public opinion and law forbid the teacher from using the great motive and the great book. But from being godless the schools are instead a constructive unifying religious force. They effectually train the children in what constitutes seven-eighths of religion.

I wish to make two observations:

1. The public school system is a working model in unity and efficiency for the better organization of our religious forces. The schools touch every home every child. They conserve all energy. They throw educational force quickly and effectively into the weakest point—where people are poor and ignorant. There is no overlapping, no competition for pupils, no waste in expenditure. The foolishness that appears everywhere in organized religious life would be intolerable in the school system. Two or three school houses planted in the same block, with acres of blocks unprovided; two or three teachers soliciting the attendance of the same child would awaken a storm of protest. This school system is a remarkable expression of unity. The public schools have come into the life of the nation almost without observation—as silently and rapidly as grew the early Christian church. By their presence they say to the churches, why can not the religious forces of a city or nation be unified and related into constructive efficiency as well as the intellectual. The church will have to answer that question before the bar of public judgment. The schools yearly make the divisions of the church appear more wicked and intolerable. The churches have been praying for union for many years. There are many earnest souls who would, like Simon, be willing to die if once they could see the prayer of Christ realized. Many are sincerely seeking for unity that will embrace freedom and efficiency, and they want to be shown the way—whereas God has been for a hundred years raising before the nations' eyes a model.

2. The schools have been, without direct intent, gradually appropriating to themselves functions that once belonged to the churches. First, the great function of teaching. Along with this have followed many other things and the end is not yet. The people are beginning to ask why the school houses should not be utilized as social and educational centres for adults; for lectures and socials and clubs. In many places this is done. The playground movement is centering on the schoolhouse. Parents are forming associations that meet at the schoolhouse, with teachers as promoters. The teachers are gradually becoming related to the charity organizations of all kinds, with agencies of redemption and reform. It will not be a very long step from the present activity of our schools to the religious realm. The moulds are already made for some great unifying, effective moral and religious movement. If the churches do not quickly grasp the situation and answer to the call of

the spirit of our age for unity, in order that the religious life of man may run and be glorious, do not respond with some effectual, constructive and comprehensive organization, so as to meet adequately the demand of the souls of men, I prophesy that the public school system will enlarge its borders and include both the religious training of the children and the worship of the people.

Personally, I hope the churches will grasp the situation and hear the call of God: that the churches will quickly pass from talking about union, and will simply do it. For we are not like a mighty army. We are massing at the wrong point often—and leaving places exposed. We are wasting our forces by duplication or misdirection or are fighting at cross-purposes. Only on some cry of public danger do we get together and then only to fall back to our competition camps. Seldom does the church speak with united voice. We have no generalship in attacking the evil of a great city. We enter upon no campaigns that involve education and patient waiting for years. In contrast, see with what statesmanship the public schools address themselves to their task. They blow few trumpets. They cover every patch of ground. There is no squabbling over territory or choice locations or choice pupils. They include the poor and the rich. They embrace every child. They realize in a large degree that no child shall grow up in ignorance.

Victory is impossible to the church in its divided state. If we could only forget the things that are behind—our "glorious histories" which all possess; if we could forget our Johns,—John Wesley, John Knox, John Calvin, John Robinson—and rally around Jesus Christ, and then could realize the terrific tasks that await us, that demand our best, and all our best, and realize that in union, and union only, is there adequate strength, it would take only one hundred days for the clergy and laity to form one united, compact body, whose banners would be terrible, whose victories would follow each other with unbroken succession.

Seattle, Wash.

TO COMRADES MOVING TOWARD THE WEST.

O comrades moving toward the west,
Whate'er our God decrees is best,
And he who trusts in Him is blest.

What though our day is growing old?
The sky is flush'd with sunset gold,
And stars are issuing from their fold.

What though the blackbird's flutings fail?
We hear the plaintive nightingale
Pour witching music through the vale.

What though dear faces smile no more,
Which were our joy in days of yore?
They watch for us on yonder shore.

Why should we fear the path to tread,
Which all the myriads of the dead
Have traversed under Christ their head?

Kings, sages, priests, have passed this way,
And, freed from weakness and decay,
Moved on unto the light of day—

The light eterne which fades no more,
Glowing on the celestial shore
Where seraphim and saints adore.

—Robert P. Downes.

THE JOY THE LILIES BROUGHT.

"Do you need all your lilies, mother?" Helen anxious eyes looked earnestly into her mother's, and she slipped a coaxing hand into hers as Mrs. Lawrence laid aside her magazine and turned to her little daughter. Outside, the afternoon sun was gilding the spire of the pretty church where Helen had been helping with the Easter decorations. The air was warm and springlike, and every thing promised a fair and glorious Easter morning.

"Mabel's mother hasn't a single lily," Helen explained, pleadingly. "Not one lily—and to-morrow's Easter. Mabel's never had one, that she can remember. I do so want to give her one of these!"

"But, deary, Judge Ross can buy Mabel flowers if she wishes for them; why should we give her ours, that we've raised so carefully? Besides have you forgotten we were to lend them all to the church for to-morrow? Haven't you left a place for them there?"

"Oh, yes, mother, right before the railing. But there are so many; surely we can spare just one! I'm afraid—" the girlish voice sank to a whisper—"I'm afraid Mabel's mother doesn't believe in Easter—not the way we do, I mean."

"Not believe in Easter! What are you saying, deary?"

"Well, Mabel's got a new Easter hat, and dress and gloves; but that's all Easter seems to mean to her. And think of Easter not meaning anything but clothes, mother—just think of it!" And Helen's blue eyes brimmed with tears.

"I see, dear; she shall have the lilies."

And so it came about that the gleaming of that lovely day in early spring found a cluster of pure Easter lilies shining with silvery radiance in a beautiful vase in Judge Ross' home. Firelight was playing among the shadows in the great room, and before the glowing coals sat a woman, thinking of a little home far back among the vanished years. It was a plainly furnished cottage, and crowded with children; but love's sunshine crowned it with happy cheer. And beside a window-box abloom with fragrant Easter lilies, she seemed to see eager little faces pressing closely around a gentle, low-voiced mother, who read aloud from a worn old Bible the wonderful story of Easter. Old memories came thronging fast to the one before the fire; the worldliness of the present slipped away. Mabel's mother was a child again, living over in memory the tenderness of her girlhood days.

A maid came softly in, turned a switch, and flooded the room with light; but the mother still dreamed on, the fragrance of the lilies wafting her back into the happy, peaceful past. Presently the judge came in somewhat worn with care. She reached out a welcoming hand and greeted him with a smile; and as he drew a chair close beside her, her face was that of the joyous girl he had loved in those years before prosperity had burdened them with many new responsibilities.

And it was there before the fire that Mabel found them when she came in, radiant with Easter gladness, from a last rehearsal at the pretty church. There was a tender light in her mother's eyes and a happy ring to her voice.

"We have a surprise for you, dear," her mother said. "We're going with you to church to-morrow, and all the to-morrows after that. We've been drifting away from the best things—there's been so much else to think of. But we're beginning over again, dear. The lilies have brought us back to what Easter really means!"

As she pressed Mabel's hand, her father drew his little daughter close and kissed her, while she wondered happily

at the boyish gladness that seemed to have brushed the lines of care from his face and taken the tired droop from his shoulders.

And Helen's lilies in their beautiful vase still poured out their fragrance, carrying their precious message of a risen Saviour to the three before the fire, for whom a new and happier life was already dawning.

Among the Churches

California.

Long Beach, Plymouth.—A call to the pastorate has been extended to the Rev. Dr. Loba of Pasadena.

Fitchburg.—The call given recently to the Rev. Mr. Von Luken has been accepted, and it is expected that he will enter on the work at once.

Petaluma.—Sunday, May 2nd, services in memory of the Rev. J. H. Goodell, the dearly beloved ex-pastor, were conducted in the church. The pastor, the Rev. R. W. Rogers, spoke on "Building on Others' Foundations."

Angels' Camp.—As a result of a series of meetings conducted by the Rev. J. B. Orr of Santa Cruz, 54 persons were received to membership on confession of faith, May the 5th. This is the fruitage of the "Committee on Evangelism." Since the Rev. J. W. Doane came to this field about sixteen months ago 68 names have been added to the church roll. New pews will be placed in the auditorium soon.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The ministers of Richmond district have a union, of which the pastor of our church is chairman. The population of the district is estimated to be thirty thousand. There are two Presbyterian churches, two Baptist, one Episcopal, one Methodist, one German Lutheran, one Congregational and one large Roman Catholic church and school. A religious census of the district is now being taken by the ministers' union.

WASHINGTON.

(Rev. Charles F. Clarke, correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle, Washington.

Pend D'Oreill.—Rev. David Reid is developing new work along the Pend D'Oreill River.

Pasco.—Mr. Anderson will soon be here to raise funds for a parsonage and church. He will act as pastor till the buildings are erected, serving also as contractor.

Deary, Idaho.—A Sunday-school was recently established here and it is planned to build a church upon lots just given for the purpose. Nearly all our Idaho churches now have pastors.

Pulman.—Rev. C. H. Harrison has accepted the pastorate and has begun his work, the church is well filled and the floating debt of \$500 was raised in one week. Rev. W. W. Scudder Jr., preached April 18.

Northern Idaho.—Rev. C. D. Moore has commenced work at our Lewiston Church. Rev. Gilbert L. Shall is at Genesee, Idaho., Rev. Jabez V. Johnson is in charge of the church at Burke, Rev. O. A. Alexander is expected at Mullan soon.

Vancouver, Wash.—The Ladies' Aid, which has worked

for several years though there was no church organization has raised within two years \$1800 toward paying for \$2000 worth of lots, they are now to begin an active campaign for \$1000 for temporary buildings.

Spokane, Church Extension Society.—At a recent meeting it was voted to raise \$1200 for temporary building at Liberty Park, and at Green's Addition. Delegates from South Spokane appeared with a request for a church organization, which will probably be coupled with a new book at Marshall Junction.

Spokane.—Westminister Church is having a great work. The church is packed; the Sunday-school has nearly doubled under its efficient Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. T. H. Brewer, who is one of our leading bankers, and about one hundred and thirty have joined the church since January 1st., making 315 since Dr. House came to Spokane. Everyone is happy and expects great things. We are now over 900 in membership and after 1000 before the year closes.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Rev. James Elvin, of East Douglas, Mass., has been called to the assistant pastorate and will immediately take up his work. Mr. Elvin is a graduate of Boston University School of Theology, and has had but one pastorate. The anniversary of the birth of William the Silent was observed by the Holland Society in Plymouth Church, Dr. Van Horn preaching the sermon, the National Anthem of Holland and other hymns were sung in the Dutch language.

The Sunday-school and Publishing Society.—The state Sunday-school committee met at the Y. M. C. A. in Seattle, and discussed the proposed curtailment of the work in Washington due to the straightened circumstances of the national society's treasury. After long deliberation an earnest request was sent to the directors asking that nothing be done at this critical time, when the state is expanding as never before, to lessen the efficiency of the work. It was unanimously voted to ask the national society to grant the same amount as was given last year, Washington agreeing to give dollar for dollar; and it was also voted that we should increase our gifts to the society twenty per cent each year till there is raised in the state all the money for Sunday-school purposes. This is the offer made some time ago to the Home Missionary Society, and which became the basis of their apportionment to all home missionary states. Washington has done better than it agreed in home missionary matters and will doubtless do the same in this case. The Association of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho passed the following resolution at their spring meeting. Resolved, That we as an association, express our high appreciation of the excellent work of Dr. Greene and his corps of missionaries within the bounds of this body. And that in the future we give them our heartiest support as in the past. That we view with alarm the possible demand for retrenchment in their work by the National Society they represent. That in case such retrenchment becomes necessary, we in our churches take speedy means of relieving this situation by special efforts in our offerings for such service, and in case the offerings amount to more than the apportionment made, we recommend the use of this excess on the field under their supervision.

The meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held next Monday in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

THE HOME

OF THOSE WHO WALK ALONE.

Richard Burton in the May Century.

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow
Children, whose coming is like breath of flowers;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels know
Through childless hours.

Good deeds they do: they comfort and they bless
In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness
To all in sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them, as 't were shame,
This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;
But in God's book they bear another name—
"The faithful-hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illume with lustre splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the vision saith,
Earth's wrongs are ended.

THE ART OF ENJOYING SMALL PLEASURES.

"Oh, you are at home again," exclaimed a lady to her young friend, "Well, I suppose you had rather a doleful trip with Mrs. H. She must have been so depressed."

"One would naturally think so, I know," replied the younger lady, "and of course she must have been sad; yet she seemed cheerful and was really good company. It was wonderful to me."

"She always has been wonderful," commented the older lady, "but she has been through so much and is so worn out that it did seem as if this last blow would crush all the spirit out of her. How does she do it?"

"Well, I've thought about it a good deal and, do you know? I believe I have discovered part of the secret. Of course she has her strong faith; but I've seen people before who had faith and patience and a number of Christian virtues but were pretty dismal company all the same. No, I think the reason she can appear cheerful and interested is her marvelous power of enjoying small pleasures. Nothing was ever lost on her; a sunset, a rare flower, a bit of fall foliage, a new book, a letter, a joke; they each gave her keen delight." The young lady had hit upon the secret not only of her friend's cheer but of half the joy of life, if we only know it.

There are many persons to whom it is not given to know the greatest joys of life, and there are times in our lives when to each of us these joys are denied; but there is never a time nor a place when small pleasures are entirely lacking. The person who can seize upon them and squeeze all possible enjoyment out of them is the person who never loses his zest for life, who always gets much out of his experiences and whose presence is like the sunshine.

I remember once seeing a poor woman in a "Mother's Rest" home, who was suffering from the toothache, but was so delighted with the care she received and the novel comfort of a hot poultice that she was positively radiant. Her happiness was almost pathetic to the visitor, but it was real. Perhaps few of us could reach such a state of ecstasy in the throes of a toothache, but the old lady served to show what is possible.

A woman once lived the lonely life of a lighthouse-keeper's wife, on an ocean-swept, rocky ledge. She had no children and there were weeks and occasionally months when storms and high seas prevented her reaching the main land or seeing any of her own kind save her husband. She grew more and more lonely, for few books ever came her way and after her household work was done and she had sewed until she was weary, there were still many hours to pass. There was nothing; no possible pleasure in her life, she thought. One day, a summer visitor made a trip to the light-house and found among the rocks many beautiful specimens of seaweed, some of them rare. He showed them to the keeper's wife. Instantly she was interested and eagerly she learned her first lessons. From that moment she realized the possibilities of her barren home. She studied, analyzed, sorted, mounted and sent specimens all over the country, for the light-house rock proved to be one of the finest places in the world for collecting, and it became a place of pleasure to the lonely woman.

Some of us are apt to think that because we have not money we cannot have pleasures. There never was a greater mistake. Then minutes a day with a fascinating book, fifteen minutes' talk with an entertaining friend or even with the "home folks" if we only suggest an interesting subject, a few strains of music caught in passing—such small pleasures are within the reach of every one.

We owe a great debt to Wordsworth and to many a poet since his day for teaching us to see the wonderful in simple things and to mark their beauty—the solemn beauty of a sleeping city at sunrise, in the sonnet on "Westminster Bridge," for instance, the beauty of the snow in Lowell's, "The First Snow Fall." The artist helps us also, if we let him,

"For, don't you mark? We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."

Once we have discovered them, there is a sure way to double these pleasures—not by increasing their number but by getting twice as much enjoyment out of those we already have.

Alice Freeman Palmer once gave to a room full of children from a city's slum district her rules for happiness; to commit something to memory, every day, something good; to see something beautiful—a leaf, a cloud, a flower; and to do something for somebody every day. Laughable and pathetic at the same time were the children's eager efforts to follow the rules. One small girl said: "I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I was standin' at the window, 'most cryin', and I saw"—her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow takin' a bath in the gutter that goes 'round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was handsome."

"It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome," comments Mrs. Palmer, "but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit—no, not a bit."

Uphill work, you say, to find pleasures in such squalid, sordid surroundings? Yes, it is not easy, yet the children did it. A woman too; alone in the crowd, the crowd of a tenement house, brought cheer into her life by learning to watch and enjoy the ever changing beauties of the sky and clouds. We may delight in Shelley's poem on the cloud as we read it at long intervals, but we sometimes forget that though we cannot extract as much poetry from the cloud as he did, we can, if we will, derive as much pleasure;

"No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer."

Some of us are always postponing our good times; we are always going to do pleasant things bye and bye. We expect, after a while, to read the interesting book, to take time to enjoy our friends, to make the living-room attractive, to take walks with the children. Meanwhile we work and drudge and grow old before we arrive. No, we must learn to enjoy small pleasures and to enjoy them as we go along if we wish to drink the joy of life.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying."

Once enjoyed, however, they are ours for always—the good times we have had, the beautiful sights we have seen. Often the memory of them will cheer and comfort us as the daffodils cheered Wordsworth; for like them the memory will

"Flash upon that inward eye
That is the bliss of solitude."

Everything serves us, in fact, if we are bent upon enjoying pleasure in small quantities and, in the end, the sum total of our joy will be beyond computing.

THE NEW ERA.

It is coming! it is coming! The day is just a-dawning
When man shall be to fellow-man a helper and a brother;
When the mansion, with its gilded hall, its tower and arch
and awning,
Shall be to hovel desolate a kind and foster-mother.

When men who work for wages shall not toil from morn
till even,
With no vision of the sunlight, nor flowers nor birds
a-singing;
When the men who hire the workers, blest with all the
gifts of heaven
Shall the golden rule remember, its glad millennium
bringing.

The time is coming when the man who cares not for another
Shall be counted as a stain upon a fair creation;
Who lives to fill his coffers full, his better self to smother,
As blight and mildew on the fame and glory of a nation.

The hours are growing shorter for the millions who are
toiling,
And the homes are growing better for the millions yet
to be;
And the poor shall learn the lesson, how that waste and sin
are spoiling
The fairest and the finest of a great humanity.
It is coming! it is coming! and men's thoughts are grow-
ing deeper;

They are giving of their millions as they never gave be-
fore;
They are learning the new gospel, man must be his brother's
keeper,
And right, not might, shall triumph, and the selfish rule
no more.

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

Young People

IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

"Pray tell me why," the onion asked,
"In all this blazing sun,
I should be wrapped in seven coats
When I don't need but one?"

"I cannot see you, all my friends,"
The corn said—"I am blind;
But as for ears, no better ones
Than mine you'll ever find."

Up jumped a little vegetable
Whose face was round and red;
"I'd like to see the man alive
I could not beet!" he said.

"Your faculties," the pea-vine cried,
"Dear friends, I won't dispute;
But my bud has grown a pistil,
And I think it's going to shoot."

"I never," said a carrot small
That grew beside the walk,
"Heard anything in all my life
The way these string-beans (s) talk!"

For fear that I should laugh aloud,
I had to run away.
I met those funny folks again
At dinner time next day.

—Corelia Channing Ward.

THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

How it Was Divided Among Observing Children.

In Robert Kingston's mail, one morning, he was surprised to find in a small yellow envelope a new, crisp, five-dollar bill. The postmark bore the name of an unfamiliar town in a distant State.

"I—I wonder what this is for?" he said slowly, in a puzzled tone.

"Isn't there any word accompanying it?" asked Mrs. Nickerson, Robert Kingston's married sister.

"To be sure," he laughed. "And I hadn't even thought of looking at it." Then he hastily glanced over the brief note, written in a hurried, cramped hand. "It's from Emerson Kilgore. Listen," and he read aloud the straggling sentences.

"Enclosed please find five dollars. It's in payment—including interest—of the small amount you loaned me,

three years ago, at Benson station, when I was stranded there. I am sorry I couldn't have sent it sooner. Once more \$ thank you. Emerson Kilgore."

"Do you remember ever loaning such a man anything?" inquired Mrs. Nickerson, curiously.

"Yes; but I never expected it back again," laughed her brother.

"You didn't!" exclaimed Harold, who had been greatly interested in the letter.

"No; not after having waited all this time."

"Then," as a thought struck him, "why couldn't——" and Harold hesitated.

"Then—what?" questioned Uncle Robert, smiling.

"I was going to say since that is an extra, that——"

"I see," laughed Uncle Robert, divining the boy's meaning. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give each of you, Beth, Dorothy, and yourself one dollar of this money—that makes three dollars of it. Now, today I want you to take notice of what you see, and report this evening. And the one—your mother and I will be judges—who has seen the most beautiful thing, will receive as a prize the other two dollars."

"Good-y!" exclaimed Beth.

"And can we take anything we see?" asked Harold.

"Yes; and the thing that the judges regard as the most beautiful will decide who gets the rest of the money. Here's the dollar for you, Beth; and here, Dorothy. This is for you, Harold," and Uncle Robert gave each of the children a shining silver dollar.

"Uncle Robert, you're a dandy!" cried Harold, enthusiastically. "If I can only get those other two dollars—I'll have the best pair of skates in town!"

"Now keep your eyes open—real wide," charged Mrs. Nickerson. "There are a great many beautiful things to be seen in the course of a day—even in the most unexpected places."

"We will," said Dorothy.

"Can we mention more than just one thing?" asked Beth.

"No," replied Uncle Robert. "So be careful what you report on."

And a wonderful day the children had, noticing the beautiful things about them.

"I wish—we could have more than one thing to tell," sighed Beth, long before the forenoon was over. "I have seen so many lovely things!"

Harold took an early trip downtown, bent on seeing everything that was possible—for he did so want that pair of skates in Holbrook & Smith's window.

"They're the slickest ones I ever saw," he thought.

The day seemed very long to Beth, who was anxious to learn who the prize winner was to be; and she was glad when supper was finally over, and the judges announced that they were ready to hear the reports and award the prize.

"I'm so excited!" exclaimed Beth.

"So'm I!" declared Harold.

But Dorothy only said, "I hope one of you'll get it—I wish both could," unselfishly.

"Well, suppose we hear from Beth first," suggested Uncle Robert. "What did you see today, dear, especially beautiful?"

"I wish I could tell two things," replied Beth.

"But—you know—only one," and Uncle Robert laid two one-dollar bills on the table beside him. "That was the agreement."

"Well, I saw the most beautiful toy playhouse at Stanley & Mason's," declared Beth. "It occupied one whole window; and there was everything there! There was a kitchen, dining room, bedroom, and the sweetest little parlor. In each room there was found what there is in a grown-up house. And you should have seen the make-believe piano! This was the prettiest thing I saw—I think."

Mrs. Nickerson smiled indulgently.

"And now, Harold," and Uncle Robert turned to his nephew.

"I saw a whole camping outfit—fishing tackle, tent, out-of-door stove, canoe—and everything! They were on exhibition at T. B. Lundy's. If you could have seen them I know you would have called them the prettiest sight in the city. Of course, they weren't for grown-up folks; but that made them all the more beautiful."

"It's your turn now, Dorothy."

"But what I saw wasn't anything like Harold's and Beth's," explained Dorothy. "And perhaps you won't think it beautiful at all."

"Never mind; I'm sure it is," encouraged Uncle Robert.

"What I saw was on Hammond street. A poor little lame boy was just getting off the car, and his crutch slipped and he almost fell. His papers did fall—a whole armful; and they began flying all about. Just then another boy—about his own age—awfully nicely dressed, ran from the sidewalk into the street and picked the papers all up for him, and brushed off every bit of dirt. And then he gave the lame boy an orange that he had in his pocket. I thought that was—beautiful."

"And so it was, dear," and Mrs. Nickerson's eyes shone with a very tender light.

"It's easy to see to whom the money——"

"It belongs to—Dorothy," Beth quickly interrupted her brother. "What she saw was ever so much better than what Harold and I saw."

"Yes; I think she deserves the prize," declared Uncle Robert.

"So do I," agreed Mrs. Nickerson.

"Sure," added Harold, unselfishly. "Beth and I saw just common things; Dorothy saw something beautiful!" — A. F. Caldwell.

THE SECRET.

By S. E. Kiser.

It isn't in doing your work, my boy,

It isn't in doing the thing you must,
That you win the honor and gain the joy,
Or claim the profit or earn the trust.

It isn't in laboring long and late,
And it isn't the hurry and noise that tell;
The smallest thing that you do is great,
If you do it well.

It isn't in getting it done, my boy,
It isn't in getting it out of the way;
It is not in the methods you may employ,
And it's not in the price that your masters pay.

It isn't in squandering precious time,
And it isn't in rushing ahead pell mell.
If the thing that you do is to be sublime,
You must do it well.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

MEASURING TIME.

The earliest device for measuring time was doubtless the sun-dial. Perhaps you have never seen one. It is simply a round plate or disc of metal, with a small piece of metal standing upright in such a position that when the sun shines, the shadow will be thrown upon the round cylinder or disc, around which are figures like those on the face of a watch or clock. Such methods of measuring time we know were used at least seven hundred and thirteen years before Christ, for in the book of Isaiah, 28th chapter and 8th verse, we find a very direct allusion to it. King Alfred of England used to use candles that were of uniform length; each candle would burn three hours, and by burning four candles, one after another, he could measure the hours of the day. In order to prevent the air from blowing against the candle and thus making it burn more rapidly or interfering with its accuracy in measuring time, he placed a horn or shield around it, and in the old cathedrals this was the way they measured time. Later on they had hour glasses, such as you sometimes see placed on the piano when girls are practicing their music lesson. Sometimes you see small ones in the kitchen, which are used for timing the eggs while they are boiling, and it is to these forms of glasses that various poetical allusions are made when death is spoken of as the "sands of life" running out.

Later came the clocks. They were made about 2,000 years ago, but were very rude and awkward. The first watches were made about 450 years ago, but they were very large, and you would almost need to have a man to carry your watch for you, it was so heavy. Smaller watches were made about 200 years ago, and now they have some that are so very small that you could carry six or seven of them in your vest pocket without inconvenience. Good watches can now be bought for a very small amount of money, and they are surely a very great convenience. How else could we tell about the time of the departure of trains and steamboats, the hours to go to work in the factory or to go to school, when to go to church? And the enjoyment of many other things depends upon knowing accurately what moment we should be on hand. You should learn never to be late, but always to be prompt. Suppose that, with this audience of six hundred people, I had been five minutes late this morning. Each person would then have lost five minutes. This, for the entire six hundred present, would have been equal to more than forty-eight hours for a single individual—more than two days and two nights.

But now what is it that makes time valuable? Is it the use that we can make of it. David wanted to know about it, so that he could apply his heart unto wisdom. The man who does nothing with his time, in the eyes of others, is worth nothing; but the busy man always finds that his time is very

valuable. It is strange, also, that when you go to idle people and ask them to do anything they always say they haven't time, so that the expression has come to be used that "if you want anything done go to a busy man." The more busy the man is the more likely he is to find time, in some way, to undertake any new form of useful endeavor and work.

Now I want to ask you what use do you make of your time? Are you faithful in the use of every moment at home, diligent in doing the work assigned you, looking about you, and doing your own thinking, finding, of yourself, what is to be done, instead of standing around and waiting to be told? Are you diligent in school, always studying your lessons, learning all that you possibly can, remembering that everything that you can learn will at some time be of service to you? If you are employed in a store, or engaged in any other kind of business, are you faithful simply when your employer is looking at you, but you are to be faithful at all times? As the Bible says, "Not with eye service, as men pleasers" (1 Thes. 3:32), but doing everything as unto the Lord. Are you faithful in the matter of attending church, and then when you are in the church, giving your mind to the consideration of the truth which is being presented, rather than allowing your mind to be engaged with the amusements and plays of last week, or the plans and purposes of next week? Are you faithful in the Sunday-school? Do you listen attentively to the lessons which are taught by your Sunday-school teacher? Each minute of the thirty devoted to the study of the lesson is very important, and each of the other moments in the Sunday-school are very important.

I was wondering the other day why the clock should have the long hand to point to the minutes, and the short hand to the hours; but after all, it seems very wise that the greater emphasis, that the greater importance should be attached to the longer hand. It points to the minutes, look out for these small parts of the hour, and the whole hour will take care of itself. The big hand points to the minutes, because after all, they are the important things. It is like the old saying, "if we take care of the pennies, the dollars will take of themselves." If we take care of the minutes, the hours will take care of themselves.

If you have never thought on these things, and you have been an idler, I want to ask you to "Redeem the time." (Eph. 5:16.) That is, do not let your time go to waste. If you are not a Christian, even though you are very busy and very industrious concerning temporal things, you are really wasting your time. We are placed here upon the earth in order that we may love and serve God. That is our main business here. If we are going to serve Christ, we should study to know His life and His teachings, and yet some people know very little about the Bible. Did you ever stop to think that a man who is thirty-five years old has had five

solid years of Sundays. And the man seventy years old, has had ten solid years of Sundays? With ten years given to worship and the study of God's word, a man at seventy ought to know a great deal concerning the teachings of the Bible. May God teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—From Talks to the King's Children, Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

THE LUCK OF ROBBY.

"Hey, Rob! Come an' go fishin' down Silver Creek. Just a good day for fish to bite!"

"I know 'tis, boys, but I've got to work."

"Work—on a holiday! Let it go, an' come on. Work can wait."

"Not this work. I've got a lot of weeding and transplanting to do."

"Fusin' over flowers all of Saturday mornin'! Fore I'd let a lot of old merry-gools an' sturshuns keep me from a day's fun! You're silly."

"I'll do something for fun this afternoon, that is, if I get through," replied Rob.

"You won't git through. Weeds'll grow while you're pullin' 'em up. Well, bye-bye, an' luck to yer diggin'!"

"Rob's no good since he got that flower craze," grumbled Sammy Darrow. "Fussin' over plants is all well enough for wimmin-folks, but for a boy to waste his time that way makes me sick! Race me to the creek, boys!"

Meanwhile Robbie Ward went over his garden beds, patiently weeding and transplanting asters and training sweet peas the way he wanted them to go. It did not take him all day, and in the afternoon he had a fine drive in the country with his uncle, the doctor.

His plants grew while he watched them, and grew twice as fast when he slept, until their thriftiness was the wonder of all flower lovers.

When Children's Day came a magnificent bunch of Robbie's sweet peas stood on a table at the minister's right hand, and received a word or two of notice. When the service was over they were taken to the minister's sweet wife, who was too ill to be at church.

A few days later Robbie's mother asked him to go to the Old Ladies' Home, and take a glass of currant jelly to a dear old lady who had lived there for many years.

"You might take her a few of your blossoms, too," added his mother; "I know she loves them."

With a willing hand the boy picked his very choicest blooms, and on his return from the home, he said:

"Well, mamma, she liked the jelly and sent her thanks, but she just loved the flowers; she said she doted on nasturtiums, an' she hadn't had so many in years—not since she had a little home of her own an' raised 'em. But she gave some away to the other old ladies, because they made such a time over 'em. How many live there, mamma?"

"I think there are but nine now."

"When I have flowers more plenty, wouldn't it be nice to take a bunch for each one? Don't you think so?"

"Yes, it would be a lovely thing to do."

And so each week through the rest of the summer a bouquet went to the home for each of the nine old ladies, and many, many were the thanks and blessings bestowed on the thoughtful little lad.

"The more flowers I pick the more I seem to have," said Robbie. "They just hurry to blossom over night, so we can have the very sweetest for our breakfast table."

"Do you sell your flowers?"

"No'm, that is, I haven't; I give lots away, though. Wouldn't you like these?" and he offered his hands' full over the fence.

"Oh, how lovely! Yes, we want them, but we want to pay for them."

"You needn't, really, and—oh, that's too much," as two bright ten-cent pieces lay in his hand.

"No indeed, it isn't too much, and we want the same tomorrow, and every day we are in the place, if we may."

So for two weeks Robbie had twenty cents daily for the flowers, and when the ladies went back to the city they took a large basket full, leaving him a crisp dollar bill in payment, and an ambitious dream of raising flowers on a larger scale for the city market.

"Rob's a lucky boy," grumbled Sammy. "He's been the pet of the whole town all summer on account of his givin' away flowers so, right and left, an' now he's gone an' sold pretty near four dollars' worth, an' got loads of flowers left. I don't have luck like that. I wish't I was him!"—Mrs. Emma A. Lente, in Exchange.

MAKING AMERICANS.

It was on a Metropolitan car bound for Newmarket. Seats were at a premium, but among the fortunate ones was a little lad with swarthy skin and a pair of flashing eyes that commandeered the attention of all around him. His seat-mate, an entire stranger to him, left him to guard his sitting while he sought diversion in the smoking apartment.

Scarcely has he disappeared when another, with serious designs on the vacancy, essayed to take it.

"That seat's taken," rang out the challenge from the little bundle of humanity with an emphasis that reminded one of the picture, "What we have we'll hold"—the British bull-dog guarding the flag.

He was too young to be embarrassed by questions, and our interest in knowing more of him overcame all conventionalities.

"What is your name my boy?"

"Tom."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Tree months."

"Did your father and mother come with you?"

"No, fadder was killed by de Turks."

"And your mother?"

"She's in Armenia wid de chillun."

"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

"Five."

"And are you helping your mother to support them?"

"Yes, I send her money."

"How much are you able to save, Tom?"

"Sometimes I send her twenty dollars a month."

"How do you make so much money?"

"I buy goods in Toronto and sell dem in de country."

"Do you expect your mother to come to Canada soon?"

"Yes, when I send her de money. It'll take tree or four hundred dollar; but I soon make dat."

"Did you come out alone?"

"No; lot of folks come, and I come wis dem."

We tried to impress him with the advantage to him in future life if he could spend a few winters at least at school, when quick came the answer, "Sure!" showing how readily he was acquiring our Americanisms.

We took his city address, and called later to know how the little hero was succeeding, but he had gone farther West.

Brave little fellow, only a child of perhaps ten years of age—but every inch a man; one of the home-seekers whom this country is attracting, who will give a good account of himself, we venture to predict, among the aggressive, self-reliant men of the West.

TOY WARSHIPS.

In the old world the children of a great imperial or royal house turn naturally to the army or navy as a career from their very earliest years. Thus the German emperor's ambition for his eldest son is to see him qualifying himself to command, not a regiment or a brigade, but an entire division of 30,000 troops—if not with the skill of a Von Moltke, then at least with the adroitness of any other of the Kaiser's generals, who form the brain-power of the mightiest army on earth.

On the other hand, the children of the British royal house gravitate naturally toward the navy; and the Prince of Wales' eldest son, little Prince Edward, some three or four years ago commanded an imposing "battleship," in the shape of a toy brig, about forty feet long, which floated the "white ensign" on the lovely wooded lakes of Ascot, Virginia Water, and other beautiful localities round about medieval old Windsor Castle.

The chief personages on board this "warship" were Prince Edward of York—to give its commander his full title—and his younger brother, Prince Albert; and even the baby, Prince Henry, sometimes manifested a desire for a cruise.

But the little prince's training brig was far from being a toy in the strictest sense of the term. For Prince Edward will undoubtedly enter the navy, as his father did before him; and the good training brig, King Edward VII., was intended to initiate the youngster into life on board a real warship. Several days—usually Wednesdays and Saturdays—Prince Eddie would go on board at Virginia Water, accompanied

by a young naval officer and a couple of picked seamen.

The toy brig was maneuvered up and down the lake, and elementary instruction was given the little prince at every new maneuver. The idea of naval discipline was strictly observed, and his tutors insisted upon prompt obedience and real attention to the routine of duty. There are beautiful little model guns on board which were specially made for this warship in the great factory for naval ordnance at Woolwich.

It must have been a pretty sight to see the little prince scrambling up the tall masts or rope ladders to furl sails or fasten strings of flags on Nelson's day. It will be noticed that Prince Eddie's brig is a sailer; but it was thought well to accustom the child to every phase of seamanship, and after a year or two this trim little craft, which cost the British nation nearly \$8,000, was to be passed on to Prince Albert, his brother; while he himself would either be given a miniature steam warship, or else be drafted to some small real gunboat, and so learn all about the navy which some day he may command.—From the St. Nicholas.

THE BIRD CLOWN.

The oddities of the yellow-breasted chat begin even with his classification. To think of a warbler the size of a Baltimore oriole! A warbler with a song like a mocking bird! Indeed, there is little about the chat is not remarkable; he goes in for the weird and the spectacular. If nature designed him to show what she could do in the way of the unusual and the eccentric she had remarkable success.

This bird, and not the catbird, is the real "clown of the woods." Clown of the thicket would be more apt, for, like the catbird, he prefers the shrub and lower trees; a wild tangle of briars and vines is a favorite haunt. It is only the better to survey such a retreat that he mounts to the top of a tree. From his lofty perch he sings, to the amazement and bewilderment of the person that hears the song for the first time. More likely than not he will become invisible and silent upon the first attempt to approach him, remaining quiet and hidden till you move on again; then he chuckles loudly and scolds and spits and scoffs till you are out of sight and hearing.

No bird is so fearful of being seen or such a master of hide-and-seek. It is worse than useless to try to steal a march on him. He manages to be always on the wrong side of the next bush, the one way to find his nest, which is a pretty little basket of straws and weed-stalks, lined with fine grasses and strips of soft bark or leaves placed a foot or more above the ground among tall weeds or bushes. The sitting bird steals away and is at once lost to sight. Take a peep at the white, red-speckled eggs and then hide among the bushes as far away from the nest as you can while still keeping it in sight. You may have to wait for an hour and even make other trips to the spot, but this is the surest way to get a good look at this shy one.—From "Nature and Science" in St. Nicholas.

Encouragement.—"Doncher know," began Supleigh, "that I'm—er—sometimes inclined to think—"

"You really ought to try it," interrupted Miss Cayenne. "It's not such a difficult thing after one gets used to it."
—Chicago News.

A "Floorist."—"How did you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown.

"Oh!" replied Fogg, who had been practicing upon roller-skates, "I raised it from a slip."—United Presbyterian.

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